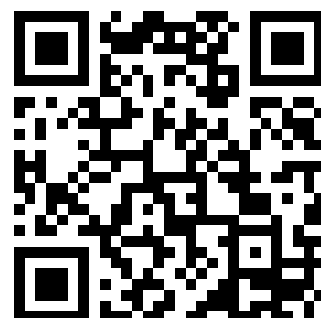

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Twenty
KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN
S O N G S

FOLKLORE



Collected & Arranged
by
LORAIN WYMAN and
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Published by Oliver Ditson Company
Boston

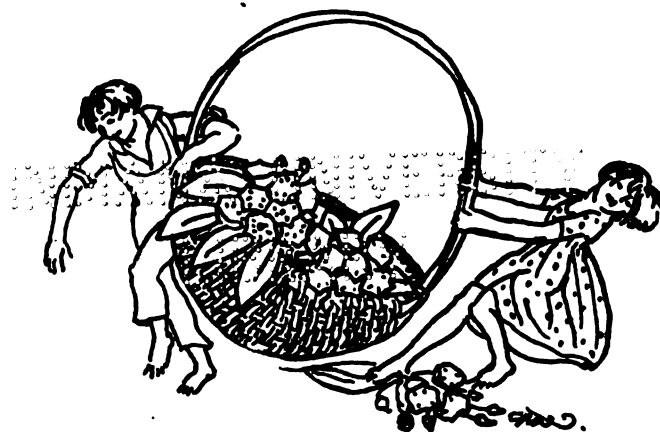
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TWENTY KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SONGS

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THE WORDS COLLECTED BY
LORAIN WYMAN

THE MELODIES COLLECTED AND
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENTS ADDED BY
HOWARD BROCKWAY



✓
BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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THIS VOLUME OF KENTUCKY SONGS
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
MR. WILLIAM CREECH
GODFATHER OF THE PINE MOUNTAIN CHILDREN
AND THE FOUNDER
OF THE PINE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL



HERE is a unique and an individual quality in the Folksongs of the Kentucky Mountains, whether they be ballad, love song, or nursery rhyme, for they have sung their way through countless generations, unwritten and unrecorded, save by the few who still keep the love of a "song-ballet" in their hearts. It is the strong link which binds these people to the past, entirely detached as they have been from the outside world for so many generations. They have lived their lives oblivious of modern progress and have remained, like their forefathers, simple people of the soil.

In presenting this volume, it is our hope, that we may share with others the genuine pleasure which these songs gave us when we first heard them in the mountain homes, where this valuable legacy has been unconsciously preserved.

With but few exceptions, the origin of each song can be traced to its English, Scottish or Irish source. Because of their preservation by oral tradition, they have been invested with a characteristic charm of their own, which we have made every effort to retain. No melody has been remodelled. The text has been changed only in a very few instances where memory failed to record words, lines, or stanzas necessary to complete a version.

We wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Sallie Adams, Miss Mary Anne Bagley, the Misses Ora and Polly Dickson, Mr. Leonard Meece, Mr. Robert Morgan, Mr. Hillard Smith, and Mr. Bristol Taylor, who not only helped us by contributing with so much good will and patience all the songs which they could remember, but also, by their cordial hospitality, made of our task a delightful experience and an unforgettable memory.

T. S. Adams

New York, October, 1919.

CONTENTS

	Page
1. An Inconstant Lover	1
2. Fair Nottiman Town	6
3. The Swapping Song	10
4. Lord Thomas and Fair Ellendor, or The Brown Bride	14
5. Little Matthew Grove, or Lord Daniel's Wife (Version I)	22
6. Noah's Ark	36
7. Young Edward	42
8. Sporting Bachelors	46
9. As I walked out	50
10. The Daemon Lover	54
11. Lord Orland's Wife, or Little Matthew Grew (Version II)	62
12. The Old Maid	72
13. Charming Beauty Bright	76
14. Come all you young and handsome girls	80
15. The Toad's Courtship	86
16. The Gonesome Scenes of Winter	94
17. No, Sir, No!	98
18. Fanny Blair	102
19. The Inquisitive Lover	106
20. Pretty Polly	110

AN INCONSTANT LOVER

(Harlan County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro con spirito

VOICE

1. To meet-ing, to

PIANO

f *rall.* *p* *mf* *a tempo*

meet - ing, to ——— meet-ing goes I, To meet lov-ing Wil - liam,

he's ——— a - com - ing by and bye; To meet him in ——— the

poco rall. , *a tempo*

mead - ow it's all my de - light, I can walk

and talk with him from morn - ing till night.

p *mf* *p*

2. For meet - ing is a pleas - ure and part - ing is a grief An
grave it will rot you and turn you in - to dust, There's
I am for - sak - en I am not for - sworn, And you're

p *mf* *p*

mf

in - con-stant true love is _____ worse than a thief; A
 not one in twen-ty you'll _____ dare for to trust; They'll
 bad - ly mis - tak - en if _____ you think I do mourn; I'll

mf

poco rall. *a tempo*

thief will on - - ly rob you and take what you have, But an
 kiss a poor _____ maid-en and it's all to de - ceive, There's
 dress my - self _____ up - in some high de - gree, And I'll

poco rall. *a tempo*

Verses 2,3 and 4

in - con - stant true love will bring you to your grave. 3. Your
 not one _____ in five hun-dred you'll dare to be - lieve. 4. If
 pass _____ as light by him as he does by

End of Verse 4 *f*

me *5.* Come, young men and maid - ens, take warn - ing by

me, Nev - er put your af - fec - tions on a green wil - low tree; The

top it will with - er and the roots they will rot, And if

poco rall. *mf a tempo*

poco rall. *a tempo* *mf*

I am for - sak - en, I know I'm not for - got.

rall. *p*

rall. *p* *pp*

AN INCONSTANT LOVER

1

To meeting to meeting to meeting goes I,
To meet loving William he's a-coming by and bye;
To meet him in the meadow it's all my delight,
I can walk and talk with him from morning till night.

2

For meeting is a pleasure and parting is a grief,
An inconstant true love is worse than a thief;
A thief will only rob you and take what you have,
But an inconstant true love will bring you to your grave.

3

Your grave it will rot you and turn you into dust,
There's not one in twenty you'll dare for to trust;
They'll kiss a poor maiden and it's all to deceive,
There's not one in five hundred you'll dare to believe.

4*

If I am forsaken I am not forsworn,
And you're badly mistaken if you think I do mourn;
I'll dress myself up in some high degree,
And I'll pass as light by him as he does by me.

5

Come, young men and maidens, take warning by me,
Never put your affections on a green willow tree;
The top it will wither and the roots they will rot,
And if I am forsaken, I know I'm not forgot.

FAIR NOTTIMAN TOWN

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro con molto umore

VOICE

PIANO

f pesante

mf

1. As I went
she stood

down to Not-ti-man town, I rode a horse they call a gray
still, threw me in the mud, She daub'd my hide, she bruised my

Più mosso

mare; She'd a white mane and tail, a green list down her back, And
shirt; From sad-dle to stir-rup I mount-ed a-gain, And

poco rall.

1. *à tempo* 2. *f*

not a hair on her but what was called black. — 2. Oh, plain — 3. I met a

on my ten toes I rode o-ver the

poco rall. *à tempo*

King and a Queen and a com-pa - ny more, A - hid-ing be - hind and a -
asked them the way to fair Not-ti - man town, They were so mad not a
I got there no one could I see, They all stood round a -

più mosso

walk-ing be - fore, And a stark na-ked drum-mer-boy beat-ing the drum, With his
soul look'd down, They were so mad not a soul look'd a - round, To
look-ing at me; I call'd for a quart to drive glad-ness a - way, To-

più mosso

Verses 3, 4 and 5

1.

heels in his bos-om a - march-ing a - long. tell me the way to fair Not-ti - man town.
sti - fle the dust for it had rain'd all

4. I
5. When

End of Verse 5. *mf*

day. 6. Oh, I sat down on a

cold fro - zen stone, Ten thou - sand stood round me, yet— I were a -

più mosso

lone, Ten thou - sand got drown - ed be - fore they were born, Took my

più mosso

rall.

hat in my hand to keep my head warm.

rall. *molto meno mosso* *ppp*

FAIR NOTTIMAN TOWN

1

As I went down to Nottiman town,
I rode a horse they call a grey mare;
She'd a white mane and tail, a green list down her back,
And not a hair on her but what was called black.

2

Oh, she stood still, threw me in the mud,
She daubed my hide, she bruised my shirt;
From saddle to stirrup I mounted again,
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain.

3

I met a King and a Queen and a company more,
A-hiding behind and a-walking before;
And a stark naked drummer-boy beating the drum,
With his heels in his bosom a-marching along.

4

I asked them the way to fair Nottiman town,
They were so mad not a soul looked down,
They were so mad not a soul looked around
To tell me the way to fair Nottiman town.

5*

When I got there no one could I see,
They all stood around a-looking at me;
I called for a quart to drive gladness away,
To stifle the dust for it had rained all day.

6

Oh, I sat down on a cold frozen stone,
Ten thousand stood round me, yet I were alone,
Ten thousand got drownèd before they were born,
Took my hat in my hand to keep my head warm.

THE SWAPPING SONG

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

PIANO *Con umore*
f imitate a banjo
sempre senza pedale

mf Verses 7 and 8

1. When I was a lit - tle boy I lived by my - self, And
rats and mice did give me such a life, I

7. I

mf sempre ben ritmato

REFRAIN

all the bread and cheese I had I kept up - on the shelf. To my
had to go to Lon - don to get me a wife.

wing wong wad - dle ding, A jack - straw strad - dle ding, A john fair fad - dle ding, A

f *mf*

1. long way's home. 2. The long way's home. 3. The

p

fp

3 4 3 2

Verses 9 and 10

creeks were wide and the streets were nar-row, And I had to bring her home in an
my foot slipp'd and I got a fall,— And a-way went wheel-bar-row,

poco a poco cresc.

old wheel-bar-row, To my wing wong wad-dle ding, A jack-straw strad-dle ding, A
wife and all.—

poco a poco cresc.

1. *f*

john fair fad-dle ding, A long way's home. 4. Oh,

f

3

2.

mf

Verses 11 and 12

long way's home.

5. I swapp'd my wheel-bar-row and got me a mare, And
 swapp'd my mare and got me a mule, And


then I rode from tare to tare. To my wing wong wad-dle ding, A
 then I rode like a gol-darn'd fool.

jack-straw strad-dle ding, A john fair fad-dle ding, A long way's home.

6. I

long way's home

long way's home.

D.S.  Final Ending*senza rallentare*

5 4 3 2 1
 5

p

D.S.

THE SWAPPING SONG

1

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I kept upon the shelf.

Refrain

To my wing wong waddle ding,
A jack-straw straddle ding,
A john fair faddle ding,
A long way's home.

2

The rats and mice did give me such a life,
I had to go to London to get me a wife.

3

The creeks were wide and the streets were narrow,
And I had to bring her home in an old wheelbarrow.

4

Oh, my foot slipped and I got a fall,
And away went wheelbarrow, wife and all.

5

I swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a mare,
And then I rode from tare to tare (town?).

6

I swapped my mare and got me a mule,
And then I rode like a gol-darned fool.

7

I swapped my mule and got me a cow,
And in that trade I just learned how.

8

I swapped my cow and got me a calf,
And in that trade I just lost half.

9

I swapped my calf and got me a sheep,
And then I rode till I fell asleep.

10

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
And la! what a pretty thing I had then!

11

I swapped my hen and got me a rat,
And I sat it on a haystack for two little cats.

12

I swapped my rat and got me a mole,
And the dog-gone thing went straight to its hole!

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLENDOR

or, THE BROWN BRIDE

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMANMelody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

VOICE *Andante con moto* *mf*

1. "O moth-er, O moth-er, pray

PIANO *rall.* *molto espressivo* *p* *pp* *a tempo* *p*

what shall I do? Come ad - vise your own — dear son, — Oh,

must I mar - ry Fair El - len - dor, say, Or bring the brown girl home?" 2. Then

she rose up, she pon - der'd it well, This coun - sel she gave her

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto'. The score includes various performance markings such as 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'rall.' (rallentando), 'molto espressivo' (very expressive), 'pp' (pianissimo), and 'a tempo' (return to tempo). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score is divided into two systems, each with three staves (voice, piano treble, piano bass). The first system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The score is published by Oliver Ditson Company.

son; — Says: "My ad - vice to you, young man, Go bring the brown girl

home." — 3. "The brown girl she has gold and sil-ver, Fair

El - len - dor she — has none, — My bless - ing on you, my

own dear son, If you bring the brown girl home."

mf

4. He rode till he came to Fair El-len-dor's gate. He tin-gled the bell with his

mf

La *La* *La* *simile*

cane, — No one so read-y as Fair El-len-dor, To rise and bid him come

rall.

rall.

Verses 2 and 7

D.S. Ending of Verse 7

in. — 5. What mourn." —

a tempo *poco rall.* *rall.*

p *pp* *mf*

D.S.

p *a tempo*

8. She dress'd her-self in a lil-y-white robe, Her

a tempo

pp

head she dress'd in green, — And ev - 'ry town that she rode through, They

took her for some fair queen. — 9. She rode till she came to Lord

Thom-as - 's gate, She pull'd all up — her rein, — No one so read-y as Lord

Thom-as him-self, To rise and bid her come in. —

p

10. He took her by the lil - y - white hand, And led her through the

a tempo

p

hall, — And seat-ed her down in a rock-ing chair, A - mong the la - dies all. —

mf

11. The brown girl drew a knife from her belt, The Thom-as he drew his sword from his side, As he

molto cresc.

f

molto cresc. e stringendo

blade be-ing keen and sharp, — Be - tween the long rib and the short, Stabb'd
came in from the hall, — He cut off the head of his wil - ful bride, And

stringendo

molto cresc.

ff poco allargando *End of Verse 11* *f* *End of Verse 12*

Fair El-len-dor to the heart. — 12. Lord wall. —

poco allargando

ff *sfz* *f* *sfz* *p*

La *

meno mosso

13. Then pla-cing the han-dle a - gainst the wall, And the

meno mosso

ppp *pp*

blade a - gainst his heart, — Says: "Did you ev - er see three lov - ers meet, That

had so soon to part?" *pp* 14. "O moth - er, O moth - er, go

dig my grave, Go dig it long and deep, — And bur - y Fair El - len -

mf, *molto rall.* *pp*
dor. in my arms, The brown girl at — my feet?" *molto rall. al Fine*

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLENDOR
OR
THE BROWN BRIDE

1

"O mother, O mother, pray what shall I do?
Come advise your own dear son;
O must I marry fair Ellendor, say,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

2*

Then she rose up, she pondered it well,
This counsel she gave her son;
Says: "My advice to you, young man,
Go bring the brown girl home."

3

"The brown girl she has gold and silver,
Fair Ellendor she has none,
My blessing on you, my own dear son,
If you bring the brown girl home."

4

He rode till he came to fair Ellendor's gate,
He tingled the bell with his cane,
No one so ready as fair Ellendor
To rise and bid him come in.

5

"What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"What news hast thou brought unto me?"
"I've come to ask you to my wedding,
Now what do you think of me?"

6*

"O mother, O mother, pray what shall I do,
Can't you so see I am all undone,
Shall I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or stay at home and mourn?"

7*

"Dear daughter, you have no business there,
And the brown girl she has some,
My advice to you, my daughter dear,
Is to stay at home and mourn."

8*

She dressed herself in a lily-white robe,
Her head she dressed in green,
And every town that she rode through,
They took her for some fair queen.

9*

She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She pulled all up her rein,
No one so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To rise and bid her come in.

10

He took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall,
And seated her down in a rocking-chair,
Among the ladies all.

11

The brown girl drew a knife from her belt,
The blade being keen and sharp,
Between the long rib and the short,
Stabbed fair Ellendor to the heart.

12

Lord Thomas he drew his sword from his side,
As he came in from the hall,
He cut off the head of his wilful bride
And threw it against the wall.

13

Then placing the handle against the wall,
And the blade against his heart,
Says: "Did you ever see three lovers meet,
That had so soon to part?"

14

"O mother, O mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and deep,
And bury fair Ellendor in my arms,
The brown girl at my feet.

LITTLE MATTHEW GROVE

or, LORD DANIEL'S WIFE

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro moderato

VOICE

mf

1. The first came in was
lit-tle foot - page was

PIANO

f molto espressivo

mf

f

dress'd in red, The next came down in green, The next came down was Lord
stand - ing by, Heard ev - 'ry word was said; "Your hus - band will sure - ly

mf

f

Dan - iel's wife, As fine as an - y queen, As fine as an - y queen.
hear these words, Be - fore the break of day, Be - fore the break of day."

mf

f

p

2. She stepp'd up to lit - tle Mat - thew Grove, "Go home with me to -
 5. Oh, he had six - teen miles to go, And ten of them he

mf

night." "I can tell by the ring you have on your hand, You
 ran, He ran, he ran to the bro - ken bridge, He

p *poco rall.* *a tempo*

are Lord Dan - iel's wife, You are Lord Dan - iel's wife." 3. "It
 smote on his breast and swam, He smote on his breast and swam. 6. He

poco rall. *a tempo*

mf

makes no dif-fer-ence whose wife I am, To you nor no oth-er man, My
 ran till he came to Lord Dan-iel's hall, He ran till he came to the gate, He

p

simile

p

hus-band's not at home to-night, He's in some dis-tant land, - He's
 ran till he came to Lord Dan-iel's hall, He rat-tled those bells and he rang, He

mf

p

1. *mf*

in some dis-tant land? 4. The

rat-tled those bells and he

pp

2.
rang.

7. "What's the mat-ter, my lit-tle foot-page, What's the

news you bring to me?" "There's an - oth - er man in the bed with your wife, As

sure as you are born, As sure as you are born!" 8. "If

this be a lie," Lord Dan - iel said, "That you have brought to me, I'll
this be a lie, I bring to you, Which you are tak-ing it to be, You

build me a scaf - fold on the King's high - way, And hang - ed you shall
need not build a scaf - fold on the King's high - way, But hang me to a

sempre marcato

be, And hang - ed you shall be!" 9. "If tree!" 10. He

ff rall. *a tempo* *mf*

rall. *ff* *a tempo*

gath - er'd an arm - y of his men - He start - ed with a free good
that they fell to hug - ging and kiss - ing; From that they fell a -

mf

will, He put his bu - gle to his mouth, And he blew both loud and
sleep, And when they waked up they saw Lord Dan - iel, He stood at their bed -

shrill, And he blew both loud and shrill. feet, He stood at their bed - feet. 11. "Get

p

up, get up, Lit-tle Mat - thew Grove, Get up and put on your clothes, Lord
 14. "How do you like your pil - low, sir, How do you like your sheet,

mf Dan - iel sure-ly comes home this night, For I hear his bu - gle blow, For I
 How do you like the gay la - dye, That lies in your arms and sleeps, That *p*

poco rall. hear his bu - gle blow." *pp a tempo* 12. "Lie still, lie still, Lit - tle
 lies in your arms and sleeps?" 15. "Ver - y well I like your

Mat - thew Grove, And keep me from the cold, It's noth - ing but my
pil - low, sir, Ver - y well I like your sheet, Much bet - ter I like your

fa - ther's shep - herd, Blow - ing of his sheep to the fold, ———
gay la - dye, That lies in my arms and sleeps, That

Blow - ing of his sheep to the fold." ———
lies in my arms and

1. *mf*

13. From

2. *sleeps.*

mf *rall.*

16. "Get up, get up, Lit-tle Mat-thew Grove, Get up and put on your clothes, It

a tempo

f

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

cresc.

nev-er shall be said in this wide world, A na-ked man I slew, A

cresc.

La * *La* * *La* *

ff *mf*

na-ked man I slew." 17. "You have two bright swords," he said, "Me not so much as a

ff *mf*

La *La* *La* *

knife," You may take the ver-y best sword, And I will take the worst, And

I will take the worst." 18. "You may take the ver-y first lick, And
Mat-thew Grove struck the ver-y first lick, Lord

make it like a man, And I will take the ver-y next lick And
Dan-iel struck the floor, Lord Dan-iel took the ver-y next lick, Lit-tle

kill you if I can, And kill you if I can." 19. Lit-tle

Mat-thew struck no more, Lit-tle - Mat-thew struck no

more. 20. He took the la - dye all

meno mosso Tempo I

f mesto *p*

La La La La La La

by the hand, Says, "Come sit on my knee, Which of these men you

love the best, Lit-tle Mat-thew Grove or me, Lit-tle Mat-thew Grove or me?"

poco rall.

21. "How do you like his ro - sy cheek, How do you like his chin,

a tempo pp

a tempo pp

p How do you like Lit - tle Mat - thew Grove, Who now lies dead for his sin, *pp* Who

rall. now lies dead for his sin?" *a tempo mf* 22. "Ver - y well I like his ro - sy cheek, Ver - y *poco a poco cresc.*

f well I like his chin, Much bet - ter I love Lit - tle Mat - thew Grove Than

ff you and all your kin, Than you and all your kin!" *molto rall.*

LITTLE MATTHEW GROVE
OR
LORD DANIEL'S WIFE

1

The first came in was dressed in red,
The next came down in green,
The next came down was Lord Daniel's wife,
||: As fine as any queen. :||

2

She stepped up to Little Matthew Grove,
"Go home with me to-night."
"I can tell by the ring you have on your hand,
||: You are Lord Daniel's wife." :||

3

"It makes no difference whose wife I am,
To you nor no other man,
My husband's not at home to-night,
||: He's in some distant land." :||

4

The little foot-page was standing by,
Heard every word was said:
"Your husband will surely hear these words,
||: Before the break of day." :||

5*

Oh, he had sixteen miles to go,
And ten of them he ran,
He ran, he ran to the broken bridge,
||: He smote on his breast and swam. :||

6

He ran till he came to Lord Daniel's hall,
He ran till he came to the gate,
He ran till he came to Lord Daniel's hall,
||: He rattled those bells and he rang. :||

7

"What's the matter, what's the matter, my little foot-page,
What's the news you bring to me?"
"There's another man in the bed with your wife,
||: As sure as you are born!" :||

8

"If this be a lie," Lord Daniel said,
"That you have brought to me,
I'll build me a scaffold on the King's highway,
||: And hangèd you shall be!" :||

9

"If this be a lie I bring to you,
Which you are taking it to be,
You need not build a scaffold on the King's highway,
||: But hang me to a tree!" :||

10

He gathered an army of his men,
He started with a free good will,
He put his bugle to his mouth
||: And he blew both loud and shrill. :||

11

"Get up, get up, Little Matthew Grove,
Get up and put on your clothes,
Lord Daniel surely comes home this night,
||: For I hear his bugle blow." :||

12

"Lie still, lie still, Little Matthew Grove,
And keep me from the cold,
It's nothing but my father's shepherd,
||: Blowing of his sheep to the fold." :||

13

From that they fell to hugging and kissing,
From that they fell asleep,
And when they waked up they saw Lord Daniel,
||: He stood at their bed-feet. :||

14

"How do you like your pillow, sir,
How do you like your sheet,
How do you like the gay ladye,
||: That lies in your arms and sleeps?" :||

15

"Very well I like your pillow, sir,
Very well I like your sheet,
Much better I like your gay ladye,
||: That lies in my arms and sleeps." :||

16

"Get up, get up, Little Matthew Grove,
Get up and put on your clothes,
It never shall be said in this wide world,
||: A naked man I slew." :||

17*

"You have two bright swords," he said,
"Me not so much as a knife."
"You may take the very best sword,
||: And I will take the worst." :||

18

"You may take the very first lick,
And make it like a man,
And I will take the very next lick,
||: And kill you if I can." :||

19

Little Matthew Grove struck the very first lick,
Lord Daniel struck the floor,
Lord Daniel took the very next lick,
||: Little Matthew Grove struck no more. :||

20*

He took the ladye all by the hand,
Says: "Come sit on my knee,
Which of these men, you love the best,
||: Little Matthew Grove or me?" :||

21*

"How do you like his rosy cheek,
How do you like his chin,
How do you like Little Matthew Grove,
||: Who now lies dead for his sin?" :||

22*

"Very well I like his rosy cheek,
Very well I like his chin,
Much better I love Little Matthew Grove
||: Than you and all your kin!" :||

NOAH'S ARK

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro con molto brio

VOICE

PIANO

f sf sempre ben ritmico

mf

1. Some say— No - ah was a fool - ish old - man,

mf simile

Build - ing his ark on sand - y land. Oh, who built the

ark? Oh, No - ah, No - ah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

2. Oh, if re - li - gion was a thing that mon-ey'd buy, The rich would

live, the poor would die. — Oh, who built the ark? Oh,

No - ah, No - ah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord! —

a tempo
mf

3. Thank the— Lord, it is not— so, The rich must die as

a tempo
sf *mf*

well as the poor. Oh, who built the ark? Oh, No - ah,

mf *sf* *mf* *f*

No - ah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord! 4. Since I've been

sf *sf* *f*

dean'd, since I've been born, So man-y peo-ple have been dead and

built the ark? Oh, No - ah, No - ah built the ark, Oh, yes, my

Lord! 6. Oh, if you get there be - fore I — do, Tell Mas - sa

Je - sus I'm a - com - ing too. — Oh, who built the ark? Oh,

No - ah, No - ah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord! —

NOAH'S ARK

1

Some say Noah was a foolish old man,
Building his ark on sandy land.
Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah,
Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord.

2

Oh, if religion was a thing that money'd buy
The rich would live, the poor would die.
Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah,
Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

3

Thank the Lord it is not so,
The rich must die as well as the poor.
Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah,
Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

4

Since I've been deaned, since I've been born,
So many people have been dead and gone.
Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah,
Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

5

Down by the graveyard we must walk,
See long graves as well as short.
Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah,
Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

6

Oh, if you get there before I do,
Tell Massa Jesus I'm a-coming too,
Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah,
Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

YOUNG EDWARD

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMANMelody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. "My fa-ther owns a
sat up and dis -

rall.

mf molto espressivo

pp

mf

fine house, On yon - der riv - er - side, And you can go and stay all
coursed with her, Till time to go to bed, And lit - tle did he think that

1. night, No dan - ger need you fear." 2. He head. 3. This
night, That sor-row would crown his

young man be-ing a - drow - sy, Went in the room to sleep; And Pol - ly's

p *poco rall.* *f a tempo*

cru-el old fa-ther, All in the room did creep. 4. He stabb'd him and he

poco rall. *a tempo*

p *f*

ff *f*

kill'd him, He dragg'd him out of bed, His blood it swift-ly flow'd, he

ff *f*

p *rall.* *poco meno mosso* *p*

sank, All in the wa-ter, O! 5. As Pol-ly she lay

rall. *poco meno mosso*

pp *misterioso* *ppp*

La

sleep-ing, She had a fright-ful dream; She dreamt she saw her love stand

La La La *La La*

rall. *a tempo mf*

weep-ing, His blood flow'd in a stream. 6. "O fa-ther, where's the sail - or lad, Came

rall. *a tempo*

mf

here last night to stay?" "Oh, he _____ is dead, no tales can tell." Her

f

fa - ther he did say. — 7. "O fa - ther, cru - el fa - ther, You'll die a — pub - lic

f

ff *f* *mf* *rall.* *pp*

show, — For sink - ing of my own true love, Down in the Low-lands low."

ff *f* *mf* *rall.* *pp*

YOUNG EDWARD

1

"My father owns a fine house,
On yonder riverside,
And you can go and stay all night,
No danger need you fear."

2

He sat up and discoursed with her.
Till time to go to bed,
And little did he think that night,
That sorrow would crown his head.

3

This young man being a-drowsy,
Went in the room to sleep;
And Polly's cruel old father,
All in the room did creep.

4

He stabbed him and he killed him,
He dragged him out of bed,
His blood it swiftly flowed, he sank
All in the water, O!

5

As Polly she lay sleeping,
She had a frightful dream;
She dreamt she saw her love stand weeping,
His blood flowed in a stream.

6

"O father, where's the sailor lad
Came here last night to stay?"
"Oh, he is dead, no tales can tell,"
Her father he did say.

7

"O father, cruel father,
You'll die a public show,
For sinking of my own true love
Down in the Lowlands low."

SPORTING BACHELORS

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMANMelody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro molto spiritoso

VOICE

1. Come all you sport-ing bach - e-lors, Who
3. When I come— home, I am

PIANO

wish to get good wives, And nev - er be de - ceived as I
just like one a - lone, My poor joints trem - bling with

am;
fear;

I mar - ried me a wife, Makes me
She'll pout and she'll lour, She'll—

wear - y of my life, Let me strive and do all that I
frown and look sour, Till I dare _____ not stir for my

can, can, — can, Let me strive and do all that I
life, life, — life, Then I dare _____ not stir for my

mf *

can. _____ 2. She dress-es me in rags, In the ver - y worst of
life. _____ 4. When sup - per is done, She just toss - es me a

mf

rags, While she dress-es like a queen so fine; She
bone, And swears I am o - bliged to main - tain her; O

sfz *p*

goes to the town by day and by night, Where the
sad the day I mar-ried, O that I had long-er tar-ried, E'er—

cresc.

La *La* *La* *La*

gen - tle - men do drink wine, wine, wine, Where the
I to the al - tar was led, led, led, E'er—

f *mf* *f*

La *

1.
gen - tle - men do drink wine.
I to the

2.
rall.
al - tar was led.
rall.

SPORTING BACHELORS

1

Come all you sporting bachelors
Who wish to get good wives,
And never be deceived as I am;
I married me a wife,
Makes me weary of my life,
Let me strive and do all that I can, can, can,
Let me strive and do all that I can.

2

She dresses me in rags,
In the very worst of rags,
While she dresses like a queen so fine;
She goes to the town
By day and by night,
Where the gentlemen do drink wine, wine, wine,
Where the gentlemen do drink wine.

3

When I come home
I am just like one alone,
My poor joints trembling with fear,
She'll pout and she'll lour,
She'll frown and look sour,
Till I dare not stir for my life, life, life,
Till I dare not stir for my life.

4

When supper is done,
She just tosses me a bone,
And swears I'm obliged to maintain her;
O sad the day I married,
O that I had longer tarried,
E'er I to the altar was led, led, led,
E'er I to the altar was led!

AS I WALKED OUT

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMANMelody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

VOICE *Andante, molto espressivo* *p*

1. As I walk'd out one—
sit you down, my—

PIANO *p* *rall.* *a tempo* *molto legato*

May— morn - ing, For to hear the pret - ty birds sing sweet, I
own— true — love, Come sit you down by me, It's

leant my back a-against a lit - tle cot - tage door, For to see true lov - ers
been al - most three— quar - ters of — a year, Since I spoke one word to

poco rall.

meet; To see them meet, to hear them talk, And to
thee? "I will not sit by you, young man, By

mf a tempo *a tempo* *mf*

Ad *

poco rall. *p a tempo*

hear what they had for to say. I would care to know a lit - tle
 you nòr no oth - er man, Nor will I be - lieve a young man's

poco rall. *a tempo*

p

1. *rall.* *pp* *a tempo*

more of their minds, Be - fore I went a - way. 2. "Come
 faith or troth, For he's

rall. *a tempo*

pp

2. *rall.* *pp* *p*

sworn to man - y a one: 3. "Oh,

rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *a tempo*

pp *mf* *p*

when my heart was yours, young - man, And you robb'd so rich a nest, You

made me be-lieve by the false_ oaths you_ swore, That the sun rose in the

west. *mf* I will nev - er be-lieve a young man an - y - more, Let his

eyes be blue, black or brown, *p* Save he were on the top of a

high_ gal - lows_ tree, *rall.* A - swear-ing he wish'd to come down."_ *pp*

AS I WALKED OUT

1

As I walked out one May morning,
For to hear the pretty birds sing sweet,
I leant my back against a little cottage door,
For to see true lovers meet;
To see them meet, to hear them talk,
And to hear what they had for to say,
I would care to know a little more of their minds
Before I went away.

2

"Come sit you down, my own true love,
Come sit you down by me;
It's been almost three quarters of a year
Since I spoke one word to thee."
"I will not sit by you, young man,
By you nor no other man,
Nor will I believe a young man's faith or troth,
For he's sworn to many a one!"

3

"Oh, when my heart was yours, young man,
And you robbed so rich a nest,
You made me believe by the false oaths you swore,
That the sun rose in the west;
I will never believe a young man any more,
Let his eyes be blue, black or brown,
Save he were on the top of a high gallows tree,
A-swearing he wished to come down!"

THE DAEMON LOVER

(Harlan County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro molto moderato *f*

VOICE

1. "Well met, well met, — my
you could have mar-ried — a —

PIANO

f *mf sempre arpeggiando*

own true — love, Well met, well met," said he, — "I've just re - turn'd — from the
king's daugh-ter there, I'm sure you are to blame; — For I am mar-ried to a

old salt — sea, And it's all for the love of — thée." 2. "I
house-car-pen-ter, And I think he's a nice young man?" 4. "Oh,

mf

could have mar-ried a king's daugh-ter there, I could have mar-ried her," cried
will you for-sake your house-car-pen-ter, Oh, will you for-sake him?" cried

he, "But I have for-sak - en these gold - crowns, And it's
he, "Oh, will you for-sake your sweet lit - tle babe, And

1 *poco rall.*
all for the sake of thee." 3. "If

poco rall. *a tempo*

2

go a - long with me?"

mf

5. "If

p

mf

La La La

I for - sake my house - car - pen - ter, And go a - long with you, You

simile

have no mon - ey to sup - port me on, O love, what would I do?"

mf

6. "I have sev - en ships sail - ing on the seas, Be - sides sev - en more on

mf

land, I have gold laid up in store, You can have at your com -

mand?"

Meno mosso *pp*

7. She laid her babe on its

Meno mosso

p diminuendo molto legato *pp*

down-y bed, And kiss-es she gave it three. "Lie there, lie there, my

p

sweet lit-tle babe, Bear your fa-ther com - pan - ye?"

poco rall. *pp*

poco rall. *pp*

Tempo I

mf

8. They had-n't been sail-ing— but a - bout three weeks, I'm sure it had not been

mf *simile*

three, Till she threw her - self on her true love's knee, And

wept most pit - y - ful - ye. 9. "Are you

p *mp*

weep-ing for your house-car-pen-ter, Or are you weep - ing for
weep-ing for my— house-car-pen-ter, Nor am I weep - ing for

mp

p

me, _____ Or are you weep-ing for your sweet lit-tle babe, That you
 thee, _____ But I'm weep-ing for my sweet lit-tle babe, One I

p

rall. *1 pp* *a tempo*

nev - er more shall see?" 10. "I'm not
 nev - er more shall

rall. *pp* *a tempo*

2 pp *mf*

see?" 11. They had-n't been sail-ing but a - bout three weeks, I'm

pp *mf*

sure it had not been four, _____ Till the ship sprung a leak, to the

f bot-tom she went, — Nev - er to rise an - y more. *f* 12. "What

hills, what hills, my— own true— love, What hills so dark and
hills, what hills, my— own true— love, What hills as white as

low?" — "That is the hills of — hell, my — love, Where
snow?" — "That is the hills of — heav-en, my — love, Where

molto rall. 1. *a tempo* Final ending
you and I must go!" 13. "What
you and I can't go!"
molto rall. *a tempo* *molto rall.*

THE DAEMON LOVER

1

"Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met," said he,
"I've just returned from the old salt sea,
And it's all for the love of thee."

2

"I could have married a king's daughter there,
I could have married her," cried he,
"But I have forsaken these gold crowns,
And it's all for the sake of thee."

3

"If you could have married a king's daughter there,
I'm sure you are to blame;
For I am married to a house-carpenter,
And I think he's a nice young man."

4

"Oh, will you forsake your house-carpenter,
Oh, will you forsake him?" cried he,
"Oh, will you forsake your sweet little babe,
And go along with me?"

5*

"If I forsake my house-carpenter
And go along with you,
You have no money to support me on,
O love, what would I do?"

6*

"I have seven ships sailing on the seas,
Besides seven more on land,
I have gold laid up in store
You can have at your command."

7

She laid her baby on its downy bed,
And kisses she gave it three,
"Lie there, lie there, my sweet little babe,
Bear your father companye."

8

They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks,
I'm sure it had not been three,
Till she threw herself on her true love's knee
And wept most pityfulye.

9

"Are you weeping for your house-carpenter,
Or are you weeping for me,
Or are you weeping for your sweet little babe,
That you never more shall see?"

10

"I'm not weeping for my house-carpenter,
Nor neither am I weeping for thee,
But I'm weeping for my sweet little babe,
One I never more shall see."

11

They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks,
I'm sure it had not been four,
Till the ship sprung a leak, to the bottom she went,
Never to rise any more.

12

"What hills, what hills, my own true love,
What hills so dark and low?"
"That is the hills of hell, my love,
"Where you and I must go!"

13

"What hills, what hills, my own true love,
What hills as white as snow?"
"That is the hills of heaven, my love,
Where you and I can't go!"

LORD ORLAND'S WIFE

or, LITTLE MATTHEW GREW

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMANMelody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro con brio

VOICE

PIANO

mf

f

mf

sfz

1. The

first came in was a gay la-dye, The next came in was a girl, — The
lit-tle foot-page was stand-ing by, Heard all that she— did say; — "Your

mf p

sfz

senza pedale

next came in was Lord Or-land's wife, — The fair-est of — them all, — The
hus-band sure-ly will hear these words, Be-fore — the break of day, — Be —

mf

sfz

Ad

fair - est of — them all. ——— 2. Lit-tle Mat - thew Grew was
fore — the break of day. ——— 5. Oh, he had six - teen

senza pedale, se possibile

p

La

stand - ing by, She placed her eyes on him, ——— “Go up with me, Lit-tle
miles to go, And ten of them he ran, ——— He ran till he came to the

*La **

*La **

Mat - thew Grew, This live - long night — we'll spend, ——— This live - long night — we'll
bro - ken bridge, He smote his breast and he swam, ——— He smote his breast and he

mf non legato

spend?" _____
swam. _____

3. "I can tell by the ring that's on your fin-ger, You
6. He ran till he came to Lord Or - land's hall, — He

mf *cresc.*

f *mf* *p* *cresc.*

are Lord Or - land's wife." _____ "But if I am — Lord Or - land's wife, Lord
ran till he came to the gate, _____ He rat-tled those bells and loud he rang, "A -

f *mf*

f *mf*

*La La La ** *La **

Or-land is not — at home, — Lord Or-land is not — at home?" _____ 4. The
wake, Lord Or-land, a - wake! — A - wake, Lord Or-land, a -

mf *1 p*

molto legato il basso *p* *sfz*

2nd f

wake!"

mf *f*

7. "What's the mat-ter, what's the mat-ter, my lit - tle foot-page, What's the

f *sf* *mf* *sf*

news you bring to me?" "Lit-tle Mat - thew Grew's in bed with your wife, It's as

sf

true_ as an-y-thing can be, _____ It's as true_ as an-y-thing can be." _____

*Red **

8. "If this be a lie," Lord Or-land said, "That you have brought_ to me, — I'll
this be a lie I bring to you, Which you are tak-ing it to be, — You

build a scaf-fold on the king's high-way, — And hang-ed you_ shall be, — And
need not build a scaf-fold on the king's high-way, — But hang-me to_ a tree, — But

hang-ed you_ shall be" — 9. "If tree." — 10. He

hang me to_ a

call-ed up his mer-ry men all, — "Come sad-dle me_ my steed, — This
first they fell to hug-ging and kiss-ing, At last they fell_ a - sleep, — All

night I must go to Buck-les-ford-bur-y For I nev-er had great-er
on the next morn when they a-woke, Lord Or-land stood at their bed-

need, For I nev-er had great-er need.
feet, Lord Or-land stood at their bed-feet.

11. "Me -
14. "Oh,

thinks I hear the thres-sel cock, Me - thinks I hear the jay, Me -
how do you like my cur-tains fine; Oh, how do you like my sheet, Oh,

thinks I hear Lord Or-land's bu-gle And I would I were a-way, And I
how do you like my gay la-dye, That lies in your arms and sleeps, That

would I were a - way:—
lies in your arms and sleeps?—

12. "Lie still, lie still, Little Mat - thew Grew, And
15. "Ver-y well, I like your cur - tains fine Ver-y

p

hug-gle me from the cold,— 'Tis noth - ing but a shep - herd's boy, A -
well I like your sheets,— Much bet-ter I like your gay la - dye, That

p

Pa * *Pa* *

driv - ing his sheep to the fold,— A - driv - ing his sheep to the fold.—
lies in my arms and sleeps,— That lies in my arms and

1.

13. At sleeps.—

16. "Get

f

2.

up, get up, Lit-tle Mat - thew Grew, And prove your word to be true, — I'll
first lick struck, Lit-tle Mat - thew struck, Which caused an aw - ful wound, — The

ff
nev - er have it for to say, A na - ked man I slew, — A na - ked man I
next lick struck Lord Or - land struck, And laid him on — the ground, And laid him on — the

ff

*La ** *La ** *La ** *La ** *La ** *La ** *La ** *La **

1. slew. — 17. The ground. 18. "Oh, how do you like my

p *p* *sf*

*La **

cur - tains fine, Oh, how do you like my sheets, — Oh, how do you like Lit-tle

sf

pp

Mat - thew Grew, That lies on the ground and sleeps, — That lies on the ground and

mf

sleeps?" 19. "Ver-y well I like your cur-tains fine, Ver-y well I like your

f *mf*

sheets, — Much bet-ter I like Lit-tle Mat-thew Grew, That lies on the ground and

p *rall. al fine* *pp*

sleeps, That lies on the ground and sleeps." —

rall. al fine *pp* *ppp*

8va basso

LORD ORLAND'S WIFE OR LITTLE MATTHEW GREW

1

The first came in was a gay ladye,
The next came in was a girl,
The next came in was Lord Orland's wife,
The fairest of them all.

2

Little Matthew Grew was standing by,
She placed her eyes on him,
"Go up with me, Little Matthew Grew
This livelong night we'll spend."

3

"I can tell by the ring that's on your finger,
You are Lord Orland's wife."
"But if I am Lord Orland's wife
Lord Orland is not at home."

4

The little foot-page was standing by,
Heard all that she did say;
"Your husband surely will hear these words,
Before the break of day."

5*

Oh, he had sixteen miles to go,
And ten of them he ran,
He ran till he came to the broken bridge,
He smote his breast and he swam.

6

He ran till he came to Lord Orland's hall,
He ran till he came to the gate,
He rattled those bells and loud he rang,
"Awake, Lord Orland, awake!"

7

"What's the matter, what's the matter, my little foot-page,
What's the news you bring to me?"
"Little Matthew Grew's in bed with your wife,
It's as true as anything can be."

8

"If this be a lie," Lord Orland said,
"That you have brought to me,
I'll build a scaffold on the King's highway
And hangèd you shall be."

9

"If this be a lie I bring to you,
Which you're taking it to be,
You need not build a scaffold on the King's highway,
But hang me to a tree."

10

He called up his merry men all,
"Come saddle me my steed,
This night I must go to Bucklesfordbury
For I never had greater need."

11

"Methinks I hear the thressel cock,
Methinks I hear the jay,
Methinks I hear Lord Orland's bugle,
And I would I were away."

12

"Lie still, lie still, thou Little Matthew Grew,
And huggle me from the cold,
'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy
A-driving his sheep to the fold."

13

At first they fell to hugging and kissing,
At last they fell asleep,
All on the next morn when they awoke,
Lord Orland stood at their bed-feet.

14

"Oh, how do you like my curtains fine,
Oh, how do you like my sheets,
Oh, how do you like my gay ladye,
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

15

"Very well I like your curtains fine,
Very well I like your sheets,
Much better I like your gay ladye
That lies in my arms and sleeps."

16

"Get up, get up, Little Matthew Grew,
And prove your word to be true,
I'll never have it for to say,
A naked man I slew."

17

The first lick struck Little Matthew struck
Which caused an awful wound,
The next lick struck Lord Orland struck,
And laid him on the ground.

18*

"Oh, how do you like my curtains fine,
Oh, how do you like my sheets,
Oh, how do you like Little Matthew Grew
That lies on the ground and sleeps?"

19*

"Very well I like your curtains fine,
Very well I like your sheets,
Much better I like Little Matthew Grew
That lies on the ground and sleeps."

THE OLD MAID

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Con spirito

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. I won't mar-ry a
3. I won't mar-ry a

f

fp
staccatissimo

senza pedale

man that's tall, And the lit - tle old dump - lings are worse than all; Oh,
man that's poor, For he'll go beg - ging from door to door; Oh,

cresc.

f

I won't mar-ry at all, at all, Oh, I won't mar-ry at all. — For
I won't mar-ry at all, at all, Oh, I won't mar-ry at all. — For

f

mf

I'm de - ter-mined to live an old maid, I'd rath - er stay sin - gle and
 I'm de - ter-mined to live an old maid, I'd rath - er stay sin - gle and

f

Tea *

lie in the shade, Oh, I won't mar-ry a man that's tall, Oh,
 lie in the shade, Oh, I won't mar-ry a man that's poor, Oh,

mf

Tea *

I won't mar-ry at all. *Fine*
 I won't mar-ry at all. *Fine*

Tea *

2. I won't mar-ry a man that's thin, Nor the lit - tle fat man whose

p

Tea

1 2 1 2 5

ea - sy to win; Oh, I won't mar-ry at all, at all, Oh,

I won't mar-ry at all. — For I'm de - ter-mined to

live an old — maid, I'd rath-er stay sin - gle and lie in the shade, Oh,

I won't mar-ry a man that's thin, Oh, I won't mar-ry at all. —

THE OLD MAID

I

I won't marry a man that's tall,
The little old dumplings are worse than all;
Oh, I won't marry at all, at all,
Oh, I won't marry at all.
For I'm determined to live an old maid,
I'd rather stay single and lie in the shade,
Oh, I won't marry a man that's tall,
Oh, I won't marry at all.

2

I won't marry a man that's thin,
Nor the little fat man who's easy to win,
Oh, I won't marry at all, at all,
Oh, I won't marry at all.
For I'm determined to live an old maid,
I'd rather stay single and lie in the shade,
Oh, I won't marry a man that's thin,
Oh, I won't marry at all.

3

I won't marry a man that's poor,
For he'll go begging from door to door,
Oh, I won't marry at all, at all,
Oh, I won't marry at all.
For I'm determined to live an old maid,
I'd rather stay single and lie in the shade,
Oh, I won't marry a man that's poor,
Oh, I won't marry at all.

CHARMING BEAUTY BRIGHT

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Andante espressivo

VOICE

PIANO

poco ten.

p

pp

1. Once I —

court - ed a charm-ing beau - ty bright. On her I placed my —

mf ten.

ten.

own heart's de - light; I court - ed her for love and —

p

mf ten.

ten.

mf

love I did ob - tain, I'm sure she had no rea - sons to —

rall. *a tempo* *p*

me to com - plain. 2: One day to the win - dow

rall. *a tempo* *pp*

mf *ten.*

she was forced to go, To see if her true love en - dured yet or

ten. *mf*

p *mf ten.*

no, — He lift - ed up his head, his eyes were shin - ing bright, His

ten. *p* *mf*

p *rall.* *a tempo*

on - ly thoughts were of his own heart's de - light.

rall. *a tempo* *p*

p
3. Her pa - rents were a - gainst it when they came to know.

pp
simile

mf ten.
They strove to part us by — day and by night, They

mf ten.
lock'd her in her cham - ber and — kept her con - ceal - ed, I

rall. al fine
nev - er got a sight — of my love an - y more. —

pp
ppp

CHARMING BEAUTY BRIGHT

1

Once I courted a charming beauty bright,
On her I placed my own heart's delight;
I courted her for love and love I did obtain,
I'm sure she had no reasons to me to complain.

2

One day to the window she was forced to go,
To see if her true love endured yet or no,
He lifted up his head, his eyes were shining bright,
His only thoughts were of his own heart's delight.

3

Her parents were against it when they came to know,
They strove to part us by day and by night,
They locked her in her chamber and kept her concealed,
I never got a sight of my love any more.

COME ALL YOU YOUNG AND HANDSOME GIRLS

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro con spirito

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

mf

1. Come —

all you young and hand-some girls, Take warn-ing of a
will you on my words de-pend, And will you bear in

sempre staccato

friend, — And learn the ways of the wide world, And
mind, — A-mong a hun-dred men or more, A

*Lead **

poco rall. 1. on my words de - pend. ——— 2. Oh, ———
friend is hard to

poco rall. *a tempo*

2. find. ——— 3. When ——— *p*

a tempo

I was in my six - tenth year, Oh, Wil - ly court - ed

p

me, _____ He said if I would go with him, His

poco rall.
lov - ing wife I'd be. _____ 4. To _____

poco rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *a tempo*
pp

him my heart had been con - fined, I could not well say

p

no, _____ I thought I knew he was my friend, And a -

poco rall.

way with him did go. _____

poco rall. *a tempo*

p

5. When — we were far a - way from home That
fa - ther he was kind to me, My

p

mf

was my hap - piest life, _____ Un - til he said, "You
moth - er loved me dear. _____ You know that you per -

mf

p *poco rall.* *Ending of 5th Verse*

may go home, You can - not be my wife." _____ 6. "My _____
suad - ed me, How can you leave me

p *poco rall.* *a tempo*

Ending of 6th Verse *mf*

here?" _____ 7. "O _____ na - ture, na - ture, dar - ling girl, I

a tempo *mf*

find no fault in you, _____ But I am bound to ram - ble round, I

*La ** *La **

poco rall.

now bid you a - dieu!" _____

poco rall. *a tempo* *molto vivace al fine*

COME ALL YOU YOUNG AND HANDSOME GIRLS

1

Come all you young and handsome girls,
Take warning of a friend,
And learn the ways of the wide world,
And on my words depend.

2

Oh, will you on my words depend,
And will you bear in mind,
Among a hundred men or more,
A friend is hard to find.

3

When I was in my sixteenth year,
Oh, Willy courted me,
He said if I would go with him,
His loving wife I'd be.

4*

To him my heart had been confined,
I could not well say no,
I thought I knew he was my friend,
And away with him did go.

5

When we were far away from home,
That was my happiest life,
Until he said: "You may go home,
You cannot be my wife."

6

"My father he was kind to me,
My mother loved me dear,
You know that you persuaded me,
How can you leave me here?"

7

"O nature, nature, darling girl,
I find no fault in you,
But I am bound to ramble round,
I now bid you adieu!"

THE TOAD'S COURTSHIP

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

VOICE *Moderato* *mf*

1. Toad went a-court-ing and he did ride,
2. Toad went to La-dy Mous-e's den,

PIANO *f sempre staccato* *mf ben ritmato*

a - hum! Toad went a-court-ing and he did ride,
a - hum! Toad went to La-dy Mous-e's den, And
(always with closed lips)

Sword and buck-ler by his side, a - hum!
said, "La-dy Mouse, are you with - in?" a - - hum!

3. "Yes," said La-dy Mouse, "I'm with - in," a -

mf subito p

hum! "Yes," said La-dy Mouse, "I'm with - in, Raise the latch and please walk in,"

a - hum! 4. Toad took La - dy Mouse

on his knee, a - hum! Toad took La-dy Mouse on his knee, And

said, "La - dy Mouse, will you mar - ry me?" a - hum!

5. "Not with- out Un-cle Rat's con - sent," a - hum! "Not with-out Un-cle

Rat's con - sent Would I mar - ry the Pres - i - dent!" a - hum!

6. Un - cle Rat he went to town,

a - hum! Un-cle Rat he went to town, To get his niece a

wed-ding gown, _____ a - hum! _____

7. What does he get for the wed-ding gown? _____ a - hum!
 8. Where will the wed-ding sup-per be? _____ a - hum!

mf What does he get for the wed-ding gown? A piece of the hide of an
 Where will the wed-ding sup-per be? _____ 'Way down yon-der in a

1. old grey-hound. _____ a - hum!
 hol-low tree. _____ a -

2. _____ - hum! _____

p 9. What will the wed-ding sup - per be? ——— a - hum! What will the wed-ding
10. First came in was a lit-tle sad chick, ——— a - hum! First came in was a

mf subito p *f*

mf sup - per be? ——— Two soup beans and a black-eyed pea, ——— a - hum!
lit-tle sad chick, It ate so much it made it sick, ——— a -

mf

1. hum! ———

f 11. Next came in was a lit-tle old fly, ———
12. Next came in was a bum - ble - bee, ———

f sfz

a - hum! Next came in was a lit-tle old fly, It ate up all the
a - hum! Next came in was a bum - ble-bee, A fid-dle and a bow all

1. 2.

wed-ding pie. a - hum!
on his knee. a - hum!

non legato

p

13. Next came in was a lit-tle fat pig a - hum! Next came in was a
14. Toad took La-dy Mouse down to dwell. a - hum! Toad took La-dy Mouse

p *mf*

1.

lit-tle fat pig, And said, "We'll have us a lit-tle jig?" a - hum!
down to dwell, Down in the bot-tom of an old deep well. a -

2. *mf*

hum! 15. Toad went swim-ming a - cross the lake, a -

p

hum! *f* Toad went swim-ming a - cross the lake, *mf* He got swal-low'd by a wa-ter - snake, —

a - hum! — 16. Lit-tle piece of corn-bread a - lay-ing on the shelf, —

a - hum! *f* Lit-tle piece of corn-bread a - lay-ing on the shelf, If you

want an - y more, you must sing it for your - self, — a - hum! —

THE TOAD'S COURTSHIP

1

Toad went a-courting and he did ride, ahum!
Toad went a-courting and he did ride,
Sword and buckler by his side, ahum!

2

Toad went to Lady Mouse's den, ahum!
Toad went to Lady Mouse's den,
And said: "Lady Mouse, are you within?" ahum!

3

"Yes," said Lady Mouse, "I'm within," ahum!
"Yes," said Lady Mouse, "I'm within,
Raise the latch and please walk in," ahum!

4

Toad took Lady Mouse on his knee, ahum!
Toad took Lady Mouse on his knee,
And said: "Lady Mouse, will you marry me?" ahum!

5

"Not without Uncle Rat's consent," ahum!
"Not without Uncle Rat's consent
Would I marry the President," ahum!

6

Uncle Rat he went to town, ahum!
Uncle Rat he went to town
To get his niece a wedding gown, ahum!

7

What does he get for the wedding gown? ahum!
What does he get for the wedding gown?
A piece of a hide of an old grey-hound, ahum!

8

Where will the wedding supper be? ahum!
Where will the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder, in a hollow tree, ahum!

9

What will the wedding supper be? ahum!
What will the wedding supper be?
Two soup beans and a black-eyed pea, ahum!

10

First came in was a little sad chick, ahum!
First came in was a little sad chick,
He ate so much it made it sick, ahum!

11

Next came in was a little old fly, ahum!
Next came in was a little old fly,
It ate up all the wedding pie, ahum!

12

Next came in was a bumble-bee, ahum!
Next came in was a bumble-bee,
A fiddle and a bow all on his knee, ahum!

13

Next came in was a little ^(old)_(fat) pig, ahum!
Next came in was a little fat pig,
And said: "We'll have us a little jig!" ahum!

14

Toad took Lady Mouse down to dwell, ahum!
Toad took Lady Mouse down to dwell
Down in the bottom of an old deep well, ahum!

15

Toad went swimming across the lake, ahum!
Toad went swimming across the lake,
He got swallowed by a water-snake, ahum!

16

A little piece of corn-bread a-laying on the shelf, ahum!
A little piece of corn-bread a-laying on the shelf,
If you want any more you must sing it yourself, ahum!

THE GONESOME SCENES OF WINTER

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegretto

VOICE

1. The gone-some scenes of
sir, if I'm to

PIANO

mf *p*

win - ter Con - tains to frost and snow, — Dark clouds a - round me
an - swer I choose a sin - gle life; — I nev - er thought it

mf

gath - er, The wind doth loud - ly blow. — 2. I went to see my
suit - ed For me to be your wife. — 3. "Now take it as an

mf

Red.

true love, She looked so scorn - ful - ly, — I asked her for to
 an - swer And for your - self pro - vide — I have an - oth - er

poco rall. *p a tempo*
 mar - ry, She would not an - swer me. — 3. I sat there all night
 loved one, And you I've laid a - side. — 6. It was - n't more than

long, — Un - til the break of day, — A - wait - ing for an
 three weeks This la - dy's mind did change, She wrote to me a

Verses 1-9

an - swer, "Kind Miss, what do you say?"
 let - ter "Kind Sir, I am a - shamed."

End of Verse 9

mf

4. "Kind loved you once in - deed."
 7. "Kind

10. "All on the balm - y

o - cean, There's oth - ers I pur - sue, — This world is wide and

plen - ti - ful, There's more as fair as you!"

poco rall.

plen - ti - ful, There's more as fair as you!"

THE GONESOME SCENES OF WINTER

I

The gonesome scenes of winter
Contains to frost and snow,
Dark clouds around me gather,
The wind doth loudly blow.

2

I went to see my true love,
She looked so scornfully,
I asked her for to marry,
She would not answer me.

3*

I sat there all night long,
Until the break of day,
A-waiting for an answer,
"Kind Miss, what do you say?"

4

"Kind sir, if I'm to answer
I choose a single life;
I never thought it suited
For me to be your wife."

5*

"Now take it as an answer
And for yourself provide
I have another loved one,
And you I've laid aside."

6

It wasn't more than three weeks
This lady's mind did change,
She wrote to me a letter
"Kind sir, I am ashamed."

7

Kind sir, I know I've slighted you,
I cannot bear you to mourn,
Here is my heart, O loved one,
Now keep it as your own."

8*

"To see these birds a-hopping
From every bush to pine,
I know my joy'd be doubled
If you were only mine."

9

I wrote her back an answer,
I sent it all in speed,
Saying: "Once, my dear, I loved you;
I loved you once indeed."

10

"All on the balmy ocean
There's others I pursue;
This world is wide and plentiful,
There's more as fair as you!"

NO, SIR, NO

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro con molto brio

VOICE

mf

1. Yon - der is a — have
I

PIANO

f *p* *sempre staccato* *mf*

come - ly flow - er, What her name is, I do not know. I'll go
gold and sil - ver, Mad - am, I have house and land. Mad - am,

court her — for her beau - ty, Till she an - swers "yes" or
I've — the world of pleas - ure, All to be at your com -

poco rall.

mf *poco rall.*

f a tempo

"no." mand. "No, sir, no, no, no, no," And all of her an - swer to him was

a tempo

mf

*La **

mf

"No." "No, sir, no, no, no, no," And all of her an - swer to him was,

poco rall.

p

*La **

mf a tempo

"No." 2. On her cheek a — bunch of ros - es,
4. "What care I for — gold and sil - ver,

a tempo

mf

*La **

On her bos - om lil - ies grow. In her arms — a world of
What care I for house and land. What care I — for a world of

f

poco rall. (Last Verse, *pp*)
a tempo

pleas-ure, May I en - joy them, yes, or no?
pleas-ure, All I want is a nice young man. "No, sir, no, no, no,

poco rall. *a tempo*
(Last Verse, *pp*)

*La ** *La **

no," And all of her an - swer to him was "No." "No, sir, no, no, no,

simile

Ending of 2^d Verse
poco rall.

no," And all of her an - swer to him was, "No."

poco rall. *a tempo*

f

Last time
rall.

3. "Mad - am, an - swer to him was, "No."

p *ppp*

NO, SIR, NO!

I

Yonder is a comely flower,
What her name is, I do not know;
I'll go court her for her beauty
Till she answers "Yes," or "No."

Refrain

"No, sir, no, no, no, no,"
And all of her answer to him was "No!"

2

On her cheek a bunch of roses,
On her bosom lilies grow,
In her arms a world of pleasure,
May I enjoy them, yes, or no.

3

"Madam, I have gold and silver,
Madam, I have house and land,
Madam, I've the world of pleasure,
All to be at your command.

4

"What care I for gold and silver,
What care I for house and land,
What care I for a world of pleasure,
All I want is a nice young man!"

FANNY BLAIR

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMANMelody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro comodo

VOICE

PIANO

1. One — morn - ing, one
3. Just be - fore they count - ed

morn - ing, one — morn - ing in May, As — I went a - walk - ing to
ta - ble young Fan - ny was there, Brought up to pro - fess her - self

breathe the sweet air; A — young man — came to me, These words he did
she did pre - pare, Of the judg - e's hard swear - ing, I'm a - shamed for to

mf *poco rall.*

mf *poco rall.*

a tempo *poco rall.*

say: "There's — vex-geance sworn a — gainst you by — young Fan — ny
tell. Says the judge, — "Your old moth — er has — tu — tor'd you

a tempo *poco rall.*

p

ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta

mf a tempo

Blair!" — 2. "There is young Fan — ny Blair — scarce e — lev — en years
well." — 4. "There is one — more thing of my old par — ents I

a tempo

p

old, I'm a — go — ing to die so the truth I'll un — fold. I —
crave, In the midst of their gar — den for to dig — my grave. I —

f *poco rall.* *mf a tempo*

nev - er had deal - ing with her in my time. 'Tis
come of re-spect-a-ble par-ents, that's what you may know. I was

mf *poco rall.* *a tempo*

1. *poco rall.*

hard to die for an - oth - er man's crime?"
born in old Eng - land, brought

p *mf* *p* *poco rall.* *a tempo*

2. *rall.*

up in Ty - rone."

mf *pp* *rall. al Fine*

FANNY BLAIR

1

One morning, one morning, one morning in May,
As I went a-walking to breathe the sweet air;
A young man came to me, these words he did say:
"There's vengeance sworn against you by young Fanny Blair!"

2

"There is young Fanny Blair scarce eleven years old,
I'm a-going to die, so the truth I'll unfold.
I never had dealing with her in my time,
'Tis hard to die for another man's crime!"

3

Just before they counted table young Fanny was there,
Brought up to profess herself she did prepare,
Of the judge's hard swearing I'm ashamed for to tell.
Says the judge: "Your old mother has tutored you well."

4

"There is one more thing of my old parents I crave
In the midst of their garden for to dig my grave;
I come of respectable parents, that's what you may know,
I was born in old England, brought up in Tyrone."

THE INQUISITIVE LOVER

(Pulaski County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. As I walk'd through the

pleas-ant grove, Not a - lone as might have been sup - pos - ed, My

mind did of - ten times re - move, And by no means could

be dis - clos - ed; I chanced to meet some friend of mine, Which

mf

mf

poco rall. , *a tempo* *p*

caus - ed me some time to tar - ry, And thus of me she

poco rall. *a tempo* *L.H.* *p*

p *Ending for Verse 1 and 2* *rall.*

did en-treat, To tell her when I meant to mar-ry. 2. "Sweet

L.H. *p* *rall.* *pp*

Ending for Verse 3 *p*

love will mar-ry!" 4. "When

mf *p*

coun-try-men for jud-ges sit, And lem-ons fall in Feb-ru-a-ry; When

pp

cock - le - shells lie in the streets No gold to them can

be com - par - ed. When wom - en know not how to scold, And

maids on sweet - hearts ne'er are think - ing, When grey goose wings turn

to gold rings, Then me and my true love will mar - ry." 5. "Good

mf

poco rall., *a tempo*

poco rall., *a tempo*

p

p

rall.

Ending for verse 4 *Final ending*

L.H.

L.H.

pp

pp

THE INQUISITIVE LOVER

I

As I walked through the pleasant grove,
Not alone as might have been supposed,
My mind did often times remove,
And by no means could be disclosed;
I chanced to meet some friend of mine,
Which causèd me some time to tarry,
And thus of me she did entreat,
To tell her when I meant to marry.

2*

"Sweetheart," said I, "if you must know,
Go mark these words as I reveal them;
So plainly print them on your mind,
And in your heart do you conceal them;
For of these things, oh, make no doubt,
If of the same you will be wary,
So now to tell you I'll begin,
Oh, when I do intend to marry."

3*

"When hot sunshine won't dry up mire,
And fishes in green fields are feeding;
When man and horse the ocean plow,
And swans upon dry rocks are swimming;
When every city is pulled down,
Old England into France is carried,
When indigo dyes red and brown,
Then me and my true love will marry."

4

"When country-men for judges sit,
And lemons fall in February;
When cockle-shells lie in the streets
No gold to them can be comparèd.
When women know not how to scold,
And maids on sweethearts ne'er are thinking,
When grey goose wings turn to gold rings,
Then me and my true love will marry."

5

"Good sir, since you have told me when,
That you've resolvèd for to marry,
I wish with all my heart till then
That for a wife you still may tarry,
If all young men were of your mind,
And maids no better were preferèd,
I think 'twould be when the devil were blind
That we and our true loves should marry."

PRETTY POLLY

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Andante molto sostenuto

VOICE

PIANO

mf *p*

1. Oh,—

where — is pret - ty Pol - - ly, Oh, yon - - - der she

p

Ta Ta Ta Ta Ta

stands, — Gold rings — on the fin - gers of her lil - y - white

Ta simile

hands; ——— "O Pol - ly, O Pol - ly, O

mf

mf

La La La La La

Pol - ly," said he, ——— "Let's take ——— a lit - tle

La La La La La

poco rall. *p* *a tempo* *p*

walk be - fore ——— mar - ried we be?" ——— 2. He —

poco rall. *p* *pp*

La La La La La La La *

led — her o-ver hills — and through val - - leys so

a tempo

p

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The lyrics are 'led — her o-ver hills — and through val - - leys so'. The piano accompaniment starts with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of three flats. The tempo marking 'a tempo' and the dynamic marking 'p' (piano) are present.

deep, — At — length — pret-ty Pol - - ly be -

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'deep, — At — length — pret-ty Pol - - ly be -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and dynamic.

gan for to weep. — "O — Wil - - liam, O

mf

mf

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line has the lyrics 'gan for to weep. — "O — Wil - - liam, O'. The dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) appears above the vocal line in measure 10 and below the piano line in measure 12.

Wil - - liam, O Wil - - liam," said she, — "I

This system contains measures 13 through 16. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Wil - - liam, O Wil - - liam," said she, — "I'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature.

f fear ——— your in - ten - tion is for to *mf* mur - der *poco rall.*

me." ——— *mf a tempo* 3. "O — Pol - ly, O — *a tempo*

Pol - ly, you're guess - ing just right, — I was dig - ging your

grave — through the most of last night." — They *p*

went a lit - tle fur - - ther and she be - gan to

La La La La La La La La La La

cry, — She saw — her — grave — dug and the

mf p

La La La La La La La La La La

poco rall. *End of Verse 3*

spade a - set - ting by. —

poco rall. a tempo

mf p

La La La La

End of Verse 5 *Final Ending*

D.S. p D.S. mf pp

4. She — moan. — 6. A — pay." —

D.S. pp D.S. mf pp

La La

PRETTY POLLY

1

Oh, where is pretty Polly, oh, yonder she stands,
Gold rings on the fingers of her lily-white hands;
"O Polly, O Polly, O Polly," said he,
"Let's take a little walk before married we be."

2

He led her over hills and through valleys so deep,
At length pretty Polly began for to weep.
"O William, O William, O William," said she,
"I fear your intention is for to murder me!"

3

"O Polly, O Polly, you're guessing just right,
I was digging your grave through the most of last night!"
They went a little further and she began to cry,
She saw her grave dug and the spade a-setting by.

4*

She threw her arms around him, saying: "I am in no fear,
How can you kill a poor girl who loves you so dear?"
"O Polly, O Polly, we have no time to stand,"
He drew out his dagger and held it in his hand.

5

He stabbed her to the tender heart which caused the blood to flow,
Away into the grave her fair body did throw.
He threw the dirt over her and left her there alone,
With no one to weep but the small birds to moan.

6

A ship was setting ready all on the sea-side,
He swore by his Maker he'd sail to the other side,
And while he was sailing the ship it sprung a leak,
Away down to the bottom sweet William did sink.

7

And there he met pretty Polly all in gores of blood,
Her lily-white arms all in front of him,
Such screaming and crying then all passed away:
"A debt to the devil I'm dreading to pay."

FOLKLORE

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